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*ALEXANDER's* FEAST:

A N

O D E,

In Honour of St. *Cecilia's* Day.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN,

And Set to M U S I C K by

*Mr.* HANDELL.

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## Alexander's Feast.

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### RECITATIVO.

**T** WAS at the Royal Feast,  
 For *Persia* won,  
 By *Philip's* Warlike Son;  
 Aloft in awful State,  
 The God-like Hero sate,  
 On his Imperial Throne:  
 His Valiant Peers were plac'd around  
 Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles  
 bound;  
 So should Desert in Arms be crown'd.  
 The Lovely *Thais* by his side,  
 Sate like a blooming *Eastern-Bride*,  
 In flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

AIR and CHORUS.

Happy Pair!  
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

RECITATIVO.

*Timotheus* plac'd on high,  
Amidst the Tuneful Choir,  
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;  
The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,  
And heav'nly Joys inspire.  
The Song began from *Jove*,  
Who left his blissful Seats above;  
(Such is the pow'r of mighty Love!)  
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God  
Sublime, on radiant Spires he rode,  
When he to fair *Olympia* press'd;  
And while he sought her snowy Breast,  
Then round her slender Waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an Image of himself;  
A Sov'reign of the World.



CHORUS.



## CHORUS.

The list'ning Croud admire the lofty Sound,  
 A present Deity they shout around,  
 The vaulted Roofs rebound.

## A I R.

With ravish'd Ears,  
 The Monarch hears,  
 Assumes the God,  
 Affects the Nod,  
 And seems to shake the Spheres.

## RECITATIVO.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then,  
 The sweet Musician Sung,  
 Of *Bacchus* ever fair, and ever young:  
 The jolly God in Triumph comes,  
 Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums;  
 Flush'd with a purple Grace,  
 He shews his honest Face,  
 Now give the Hautboys Breath,---He comes.

## AIR and CHORUS.

*Bacchus* ever fair and young  
 Drinking Joys did first ordain;  
*Bacchus'* Blessings are a Treasure,  
 Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure,  
 Rich the Treasure,  
 Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

## RECITATIVO.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain,  
 Fought all his Battles o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his Foes,  
 And thrice he flew the slain.  
 The Master saw the Madness rise,  
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes,  
 And, while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride:  
 He chose a mournful Muse,  
 Soft Pity to infuse.

AIR.



## A I R.

He Sung *Darius* Great and Good,  
 By too severe a Fate,  
 Fall'n from his high Estate,  
 And welt'ring in his Blood.  
 Deserted at his utmost need,  
 By those his former Bounty fed;  
 On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,  
 With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

## R E C I T A T I V O .

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fate,  
 Revolving in his alter'd Soul  
 The various turns of Chance below;  
 And now and then a Sigh he stole,  
 And Tears began to flow.

## C H O R U S .

Behold *Darius* Great and Good,  
 By too severe a Fate  
 Fall'n from his high Estate,

A

And

And welt'ring in his Blood.  
 On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his Eyes.

RECITATIVO.

The mighty Master smil'd to see,  
 That Love was in the next Degree,  
 'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,  
 For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

A I R.

Softly sweet in *Lydian* Measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd the Soul to Pleasures.

A I R.

WAR he Sung, is Toil and Trouble;  
 HONOUR but an empty Bubble,  
 Never ending,  
 Still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying;

If



If the World is worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying,  
Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee,  
Take the Good the Gods provide Thee.

CHORUS.

The Many rend the Skies with loud applause,  
So LOVE was Crown'd,  
But MUSICK won the Cause.

AIR.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,  
Gaz'd on the Fair,  
Who caus'd his Care;  
And sigh'd, and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
At length with Wine and Love at once oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast,  
The Prince, &c.

CHORUS.

The Many rend the Skies, &c.

AIR

AIR and CHORUS.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again,  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;  
Break his bands of sleep afunder,  
And rouse him like a rattling peal of Thunder.  
Hark! the horrid Sound  
Has rais'd up his head,  
As awak'd from the dead,  
And amaz'd he stares around.

AIR.

Revenge, *Timotheus* Cries,  
See the Furies arise,  
See the Snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their Hair,  
And the sparkles that flash in their eyes.

AIR.

Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a Torch in his hand;  
Those



Those are Grecian Ghosts  
That in Battle were slain,  
And unbury'd remain,  
Inglorious on the plain.

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RECITATIVO.

Give the vengeance due,  
To the valiant crew,  
Behold how they toss their Torches on high,  
How they point to the *Persian* abodes,  
And glitt'ring Temples of their hostile Gods.

A I R.

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,  
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau  
With Zeal to destroy.

A I R.

*Thais* led the way,  
To light him to his prey;

And

And like another *Helen*, she fir'd another *Troy*.  
The Princes, &c. *Chorus*.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Thus long ago,  
E'er heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,  
While Organs yet were mute,  
*Timotheus* to his breathing Flute,  
And sounding Lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage,  
Or kindle soft desire.

C H O R U S.

At last Divine *CECILIA* came,  
Inventress of the Vocal frame,  
The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to Solemn Sounds,  
With Nature's Mother-Wit,  
And Arts unknown before.

R E C I -



RECITATIVO *and* CHORUS.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize ;  
Or both divide the Crown :  
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;  
She drew an Angel down.



An Additional S O N G.

CHORUS.

Your Voices Tune and raise them high,  
'Til th' Eccho from the vaulted Sky  
The blest *CECILIA's* Name ;  
MUSICK to Heav'n and Her we owe,  
The Greatest Blessing that's below ;  
Sound loudly then her fame.

Let's

Let's imitate Her Notes above,  
And may this Ev'ning ever prove,  
Sacred to Harmony and Love.



**F I N I S.**





